

what if i told you i feel like i know you? by icepools

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Summary:

“What do you say, Byers? You up for a drive?”

Will laughs again, softly and intimately. His cheeks are flushed from both the chill of the night, and the excitement of a new vehicle. He runs a hand along the bright red exterior of the truck, an excited glint in his eyes. “Yeah. Sure.”

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Author's Note:

title from "punisher" by phoebe bridgers this is inspired by the feeling it gives me

The day before Lucas' seventeenth birthday, their parents give them a truck.

It's clearly used, a little beat up around the edges, but it works and it's red and Lucas loves it.

The first thing they do...well, the first thing they do with it is drive it out of town and grab dinner by themselves. Not exactly what they wanted to do, but they were hungry, so.

The *second* thing they do, after driving the truck around town and then sitting in the school parking lot to take a nap (so maybe the third thing, *but*, details), is drive over to Will's house. By now it's a bit late, nearing midnight, so they resist the temptation to honk the horn loudly. Instead, they pull out their phone and text Will, telling him to come outside *immediately. urgent.*

He does so, of course, because he's great, and he lets out a high-pitched laugh when he sees the red truck and its driver.

Lucas does honk this time. Just once. The Byers don't have a ton of neighbours anyway.

Will is smiling brightly when he comes up next to the truck. Lucas cranks the window down, and they both chuckle a little at the action. That's how old this truck is. There's a goddamn *window crank*.

"This yours?" Will teases. Lucas puffs out their chest and nods proudly.

"Absolutely she is. Gonna name her and everything, maybe put a couple stickers on her bumper." They smack the steering wheel twice. "What do you say, Byers? You up for a drive?"

Will laughs again, softly and intimately. His cheeks are flushed from both the chill of the night, and the excitement of a new vehicle. He runs a hand along the bright red exterior of the truck, an excited glint in his eyes. "Yeah. Sure. I just need a sweater, it's cold."

"I have one," Lucas says quickly. Too quickly. "I mean, you left one of yours at mine a while ago. I took it with me; figured you might want it."

"Well, alright then," Will whispers, "Let's go."

He climbs into the truck and grabs his sweater from the backseat. It's dark grey. It's not his. Lucas lied, just now. It's theirs, and they're really hoping Will doesn't notice this.

He doesn't. He pulls it over his head, buckles his seatbelt, and nods. He's ready. Lucas presses down on the gas, and they're off.

“Do you know where we’re going?” Will asks, fiddling with the dials that control the radio. He finds a station he likes, turns down the volume a bit, and leans back in his seat.

“Only vaguely,” Lucas says. They want to take Will everywhere in this truck, let him see the world with them, but for now they’re staying here, in Hawkins.

“Cool,” Will whispers. “Have the others seen it yet?”

“No, you’re the first. I thought we could surprise them together tomorrow?”

Will smiles, almost to himself. He folds his hands in his lap delicately. “That works.”

Lucas glances over at him, before looking back at the road. He seems a bit tired, doesn’t he? He’s talking so quietly. Whatever. They can nap when they get to the quarry.

The quarry in question comes into view moments later. This is the party’s go-to spot for hanging out outside, especially by the water. They don’t swim, that’s not their *vibe*, but the breeze is nice in the summer.

At night, though, near the water, it’s quite chilly, hence the copious

amount of blankets in the bed of the truck that Will didn't see, thanks to the bed cover they put on top.

"What are we gonna do here?" Will asks as Lucas parks the truck a mere few feet away from the shoreline. There was some trauma endured here, in this very spot, that Lucas only briefly thinks about tonight. It's been five years, now, since they found a fake Will Byers in this quarry, and Lucas thinks they've healed pretty well. They've reclaimed this spot as something happy since then.

And it's always nice to solidify that, by doing things like this. Stargazing in their truck where they found their best friend's supposed dead body a few years ago.

"I thought we could, like, watch the stars and stuff. I've got a whole setup in the bed. Come on out."

"Won't we be cold?"

Lucas laughs, unbuckling and opening their door, turning the truck off in the process. "I've thought of everything, Will, don't worry." They don't elaborate and instead step out of the vehicle, not waiting for Will.

Lucas has barely pulled back the bed cover when they hear Will shuffling towards the back. They smile.

"Ta-da."

The cover is pulled back, revealing the (admittedly pretty underwhelming) sitting area Lucas set up. They put a mattress in the open-air back of the truck, covered the entire thing in blankets, put some pillows near the back, and then put *more* blankets on the sides that they could use on top of themselves. They're quite proud of it, actually.

Will stares at the makeshift bed for a moment, before snorting a little.
“Do you know how cliché this is?”

“Of course I do. That’s the whole point. Now hop in.”

Lucas is a pretty tall person. They’re not, like, a giant, but they’re certainly among the tallest of the party. Taller than Will, definitely.

They did not factor this in when planning this little outing. They realize this very quickly, as their legs are too long for the bed.

Will realizes this quickly as well, when Lucas has to bend their knees to fit inside so much that their legs are knotted together. He laughs when Lucas’ sneaker knocks against his shin.

“Comfortable?”

“Oh, very. This is all going according to plan.”

They do figure it out eventually. Lucas removes their running shoes, puts them off to the side of the truck's bed. Will does the same with his own shoes, putting them next to Lucas'. Lucas bends their legs at the knee, away from Will.

But Will still lays as close to them as possible, because that's who they are.

"I bet stargazing is more fun when you know about stars," Will says, after they sit in silence for a few minutes.

Lucas snorts. "Yeah, probably."

"Probably."

"...so, um, completely unrelated, but how about you open up that stargazing app you have? Just for like, other purposes."

Will laughs, loud and uninhibited, in that special way that he does when it's just him and Lucas. He takes his phone out and within a minute the tiny sky in front of them is showing just what they're missing in the big one.

Will immediately starts looking for their zodiac constellations (Aries for him, Gemini for Lucas), and Lucas immediately starts looking at Will.

He looks good like this, in the moonlight. His skin is glowing blue, his eyes reflecting the hundreds of stars in the sky. His skin is pale, still, the June sun not yet enough to give him the tan he always gets when school is off. You can't usually see his freckles like this, but the light is bringing some of them out. Across his nose, down his cheek...

Huh. That one's new.

Without thinking Lucas lifts their hand and drags a finger across the side of Will's neck. They've never seen that one before. They feel his skin break out in goosebumps before he turns his head to look at them, confused look on his face.

"There's a freckle there," Lucas explains, like this is normal. "I've never seen it before."

Will moves his own hand from his phone to where Lucas is still touching his neck (and they should probably stop doing that, but his skin is so soft and the darkness of the night is making them do crazy things). He can't feel the freckle, of course. But he'd like to know where it is. His fingers brush Lucas' and suddenly they're on fire.

"I've never noticed it either," he whispers. He's staring at Lucas, something on their face. Lucas doesn't want to assume, but he's definitely looking down. Just a bit.

Lucas' heart is in their throat. They can feel Will's heart thumping on his pulse point. But then Will turns back to the sky and says, "I found Gemini."

He moves his hand to point at a cluster of stars, and Lucas exhales slowly. “Cool,” they say, but they are not really looking for Gemini.

“And there.” Will moves his hand to the left a bit, and Lucas sees a tiny star that looks a bit red compared to the others. “That’s Mars. Aries is over there.”

“That app came in handy,” Lucas mumbles, trying to move on from whatever just happened. They’re here to hang out with Will, not to get distracted by the thought of kissing him in the moonlight.

“It did.” And then there is quiet. But the nice kind of quiet, the kind of quiet that only Will and Lucas get in their group. Even after stuff like... *that* happens.

And it’s not the first time that there’s been some sort of weird tension between the two of them. It’s unrealistic to think that it would be, with how many times they’ve shared a bed or cuddled until they both fell asleep or held hands on their way to their shared history class. The tension is always there. They’ve just decided to ignore it.

And maybe it’s because they don’t want to ruin what they have, or something deep like that, but for now Lucas thinks this is enough. They’re happy, Will is happy, nothing needs to change.

No matter how much they’d like for it to.

“Lucas?”

Will is talking again. Lucas looks back at him and away from the stars in the sky.

“Are you scared?”

Lucas frowns. Yes, they are scared. All the time. “Of what?”

“I don’t know,” Will admits. “School. Leaving next year. Home. The world.”

I’m scared of you, Will. Terrified of you. You are my worst nightmare, and I love you so intensely.

“I guess leaving is kinda scary. We have a year, though. Nothing to be scared of yet.”

Will huffs and turns his entire body to face Lucas. “Aren’t you scared of losing each other?”

Oh. So that’s what this is about.

Of course Lucas is scared of losing Will. It’s all they can think about. One little slip-up, one wrong move, one wrong word and he’ll be

gone. For four years now they've been hyper aware of every single thing that comes out of their mouth, every place they put their hands.

Losing Will is their worst fear.

“All the time,” they whisper.

Will smiles at this, just a small little quirk of his mouth. He looks down again. Lucas doesn't think about it.

“Me too.” Will looks back up into Lucas' eyes, pressing his lips together. “Maybe, if we're both scared enough, it won't happen.”

Lucas shakes their head. “It won't happen. No matter what. We don't need fear to keep us together.”

Will just nods, smile still on his face. “I won't leave if you don't.”

Lucas knows he is not talking about Hawkins. Both of them are counting down the days until they can leave for greener pastures, whether that's Indianapolis or Chicago or New York City or Canada.

He is talking about them leaving each other.

“I could never leave.” Because I think if I left you I would die. I need you to breathe, Will Byers. You are my life support.

Will’s hand has been lying face up between them during this whole conversation. In an act of bravery (because being scared is overrated, sometimes), Lucas puts their hand on top of it. Allows themselves to feel the warmth of his palm, the softness of his fingers, which are shaking a bit despite resting on top of the mattress.

Will isn’t breathing. Lucas isn’t either. They don’t know if they want to.

Slowly, so slowly, their other hand raises and holds Will’s face. Their touch is featherlight, barely even there. If Will didn’t know any better he would say there wasn’t even a hand on his cheek.

As if possessed by some otherworldly being attempting to bring them closer together, Lucas’ thumbs trails down Will’s cheek, stopping on the corner of his mouth. They hear, rather than see, his breath hitching.

They hold their thumb there for a few moments, pressing down for a split second. They’re so close. So...

They hear a splash in the water nearby. Perhaps a fish, or a duck landing in the water, or some annoying preteens throwing rocks off the cliff. Whatever it is, it breaks whatever spell was on Will and Lucas. They pull their hand away from his face, and their joined hands separate.

They stare at each other, for a moment, neither saying a word. They don't want to talk about it. They never do.

Will inches forward and buries his face in Lucas' chest. They pause for a moment, then sigh and pull him in closer.

He doesn't last long after that. Within twenty minutes, Will is fast asleep, breathing slowly. Lucas holds him tightly, and tries to ignore the feeling of his warm breath against their heart.

Lucas, eventually, falls asleep too.